deeply disorganized by the revelation of provocation at its top: one of its leaders had been unmasked as the agent of the secret police. The S-D party was reduced to a shambles by the struggle between the Mensheviks and Bolsheviks. There were some S-D "generals" abroad who pretended to represent Marxist groups dispersed all over Russia, but at best these were splinters of the old organization, without any contact with the masses. In January, 1912, a Bolshevist conference allegedly attended by representatives of "more than twenty" S-D organizations met in Prague, proclaimed itself an All-Russian Party Conference, excluded Mensheviks and their sympathizers from the party, and elected a Central Committee of its own.

The Social Democrats in Siberia learned this news with mixed feelings. A few Bolsheviks accepted it as the rebirth of the party, but the great majority considered the whole affair a bluff and the new Central Committee a fraud. Rozhkov and I shared this attitude. We had not been very close to each other when we worked in the St. Petersburg Bolshevist organization in 1906-7. In my eyes he was a doctrinaire Marxist with ready answers to all questions, while he disliked my critical attitude toward Marxian orthodoxy. Time had not ironed out the difference in our views and temperaments, but we found ourselves in agreement in political and tactical questions and he persuaded me we should work as a team. I accepted his offer, and thus began my literary adventures in Siberia.

A CAUTIOUS S-D

Rozhkov was a rotund fellow, with a protruding paunch, pink cheeks, and a red nose; he was always smiling, his eyes squinting, his glasses jumping. He hated pomposity, big words, and sentimentality. Talking with him, one would hardly believe he was an outstanding scholar, a ranking professor of Moscow University, and the author of several excellent books on Russian history. He was an extrovert with an urge for public activity. As soon as he arrived in Irkutsk—when I was still in Alexandrovsk—he launched an S-D weekly, *Irkutskoe Slovo* (*The Irkutsk Word*). The paper was not very good, partly because Rozhkov himself was a mediocre journalist, but he succeeded in kindling public interest in it by a continuous series of "campaigns." One of these became famous. *The Irkutsk Word* was the only newspaper in Siberia that disclosed the intolerable conditions in the Lena gold fields long before the outbreak of the strike that ended in a massacre of workers and ushered in a wave of labor unrest in Siberia and European Russia.

The gendarmes demanded that the Governor shut down the paper and banish Rozhkov to some remote village. Unable to find direct of-